Look for Venus This Evening.

VENUS will be very close to the crescent moon early this evening, presenting a beautiful sight. In Europe, where the nearest approach occurs after sunset, the planet will be seen almost in contact with the moon, and in the lower latitudes it will pass behind the moon's southern edge.

DRACULA,

THE VAMPIRE

SYNOPSIS OF STORY

Count to tell of his estate and of the history of his family. Later the Count orders him to write his employer he is to stay at the castle for a month. That night he sees the Count crawl down the castle wall like a liuard. A series of mysterious incidents follow, and Harker guins an idea of the strange character of his heat. One night three women appear in his room but are driven away by the Count in fury. Recognising his danger he seeks to escape, but finds all avenues of escape closed. Harker discovers the Count wounded and believes him dead. Then the strange developments are told in a series of letters which throw new light on the Count's wierd personality.

madman. You know I have had brain

"The secret is here, and I do not

JONATHAN PLACES SECRET

By BRAM STOKER.

then the train on here. I feel that I madman. You know I have he fever, and that is to be mad.

get all the sleep I could. I want to know it. I want to take up

tution has gone out of his dear eyes, married as soon as the formalities are and that quiet dignity which I told complete. 'Are you willing, Wilhel-

ou was in his face has vanished. He mina, to share my ignorance? Here

is only a wreck of himself, and he is the book. Take it and keep it, read

does not remember anything that has it if you will, but never let me know;

to you. His fear was of great and the terrible things, which no nortal can sisters were so kind. Please God, I treat of. I do believe the dear soul shall never, never forget them, nor thought I might be jealous lest my the grave and sweet responsibilities poor dear should have fallen in love I have taken upon me. I must tell with any other girl. The idea of my you of my wedding present, being jealous about Jonathan:

(To Be Centinued Tomerrow)

Old and New

By Jane McLean.

LITTLE maid of old Japan-

And dropping lashes shy and sweet,

Smiling across a cup of tea, Kimona clad and slippered feet

Coquetting with a tiny fan-

O little maid of new Japan-

O little maid of old Japan.

O little maid of new Japan.

The kind they picture on a fan,

Beneath a cherry blossom tree,

to Jonathan, and, that as I should IN MINA'S HANDS.

licitor's cierk, takes a long journey to Bukowins to see Count

Dracula and arrange for the

Dracula and arrange for the transfer of an English estate to the Count, In his diary, kept in shorthand, he gives the details of his atrange trip, the latter part filled with mysterious and thrilling happenings. Upon his arrival at Castle Dracula he is met by the Count and finds himself virtually a prisoner. The castle itself is a place of mystery with doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him

doors all barred, and no servants to be seen. The Count greets him warmly, but his strange person-ality and odd behavior cause Har-ker much siarm. In order not to arouse suspicion Harker leads the

can hardly recall anything of the jour-

ney, except that I knew I was coming

have to do some nursing, I had better

with any other girl. The idea of my being jealous about Jonathan?
"And yet, my dear, let me whisper,

The Wonderful Eyes of Bees.

A BEE or wasp has two large, compound eyes, which possibly work together and help each other, and are used for near vision; also three little, simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed separately for seeing things

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF ROMANCE, LOVE AND MYSTERY

Pearl's Traitorous Maid Betrays a Secret to Carslake at the Masked Ball



Carslake Gets Information from His Spy.

from the photo-Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson. Episode 15.

Coppright, 1917, by Fred Jackson, all rights

HEN Carslake slipped away to the rendazyous, Cecily was behind him-though he never it. She saw him meet the veiled woman in black under the Arch-and saw him divide with her the money that Cecily had given

Her heart was torn as she watched for she did not know that the girl was simply a spy in Carslake's eamploy and that it was for spy-duty that he was paying her.

If she had been near enough to them, she might have heard Pearl's maid explaining:

"Tom Carlston saved her and they're engaged. She's giving a masked ball. That's your chance to get the setting you're after. I'll sneak an invitation for you so you can pass the man at the door—and ence you're inside. I'll shew you where the setting is hidden. I will, that is, if you bring me another in stalment of back wages. I'm not going to work for you forever for

"Patience, child, patience," said coming - greater prosperity you or I have ever known. by me and you'll not regret it?"

He laid his hand affectionately

pon her arm—and Cecily watching som the shadows, felt a pain at her like a knife-stah

Seart like a knife-stab.

She loved him well, poor wretched greature. Why is it women seem to sling fastest to worthless men?

The night of the masked ball same, and sonday turned out in force to attend. Lines of cars and cabs stretched along the block in which Pearl lived and even around the corner into the next street. Mounted pellosmen were on duty to keep the traffic in bounds.

Crowds of curious onlookers pressed close to the canopied door-

Make Your Brother Work.

I am a girl of twenty, seeking

He is very attractive looking and of course the girls are crasy

about him. Having lost both our parents we were shifted shout. I

parents we were entited shout. I try and keep home just as mother did, but my brother refuses to work. Now Miss Fairfax, I cannot keep home on \$30 a week and support two. By that I mean my brother wants a new suit every

two weeks or hal shoes, etc. He does not think that I have to work hard as a bookkeeper for

that money. I've tried to tell him, but he told a young man that works in my place of business, "What is the good of working when your sister works for you? I felt hurt over that remark and I spoke to him. He says he will

not work as long as he is at home. It would break my heart

to turn him out, as he was moth-

PROM what you write, I gather

who is of that contemptible sort that gladly permits a woman to

work for his support. In allowing

this, you are doing the boy a fright-

that your brother is a weakling

HEART BROKEN SISTER.

I've tried to tell

ful injustice. We man who has a support him,

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film Pearl StandishPEARL WHITE Richard Carslake Warner Oland

scantily arrayed in chiffons, so gorscantily arrayed in chiffons, so gorgeously be-gemmed that a gasp went up from the multitude as she tripped up the carpeted steps, her tiny feet bare, save for sandais. Two huge staves attended her, wearing rings in theirs ears and noces and carrying dreadful looking spiked sticks.

A monk came paering out of the

door, and the gayly arrayed revel-lers passed up the stairway be-tween lines of powdered lackeys, the sounds of merriment grew loudthe night gay.

Carslake, in the garb of a Chinese Mandarin, passed the aged butler at the gateway and sought through the throng for Pearl, or her maid. Behind him, well aware of his iden-tity, moved Cecily, in the robe of Juliette, and Juliette's pearl cap.

Advice to the Lovelorn

billity

way to catch a glimpse of the ar-riving notables so gorgeously cos-A Queen of Sheba arrived, so

A monk came, peering out of the shadow of his brown hood. An Egyptlan dancing-girl, with hair

Egyptian dancing-girl, with hair to her knees and eyes as large as plums moved with the jingling of many coins.

There were Indians and court beauties, Colonial dames and knights in armor. There was a tramp in rags and a crowned king in velvet and ermines.

As car after car haited at the correct the result of the correct the result of the correct the correct of th

Carslake as a Mandarin.

And here was an odd coincidence, for Pearl also had chosen to be the for Pearl also had chosen to be the Fair Maid of Shakespeare's aweet-set story, and Tom was playing Romeo—for that one night, at least. The High Priestess of the Violet God of Daroon wore her sacred robes of order, and found them not

real respect for himself will let a

woman work to support him. In

working that he may be idle, you

are encouraging the boy in his de-

sire for life with ease and luxury.

and in a selfish and even victous

works for him as long as her work

insures him freedom from responsi-

You aren't being fair to your

mother when you encourage your

brother in his contemptible stand

Of course she wouldn't want the

boy she idolized to turn into the

sort of creature he seems to be.
Can't you make him recognize that
he is harming no one so much as
himself—that he is spoiling his own
future and cutting himself off from

any chance of growing into some

useful and paying occupation which would let him be a respected citizen

some day? Can't you stir his ambi

tion and give him a picture of him-self as a man who accomplishes things and is looked up to by peo-

may have to learn in the school of hardship and adversity, but he must

he saved from turning into that most contemptible of all creatures.

tality and lets a woman slave to

a man who sits back in callous br

feeling that it doesn't matter who

unsultable in that strange assembly, nor were her Arabs in their native dress in any wise out of Carlsiake had not wandered about more than fiftteen minutes before he was accosted by Pearl's maid, who had been on the lookout fer him.

"Do-you came from China, sir?"
she asked demurely,
"I do," he replied, as had been
previously arranged. "I come in
search of a magic ring. Do you
know anything of it?"
"Maybe I do and maybe I don't."
she answered early to recommend.

she answered calmly, recognising her employer without much diffi-culty. "What is the color of your money?"

"Yellow," he answered, jingling some gold pieces in his hand and holding them out to her. She accepted them greedily and tendered a folded square of paper in exchange. This he swiftly con-cealed in his voluminous sieeve ere he disappeared in the crowd.

On a Still Hunt.

He passed from the ballroom through the hallway into a sheltered reception-room and there, assuring himself that he was unobserved, examined the note. It read: "The setting of the violet dia-

mond is on the hilt of the old scimitar in the armory room"

After taking two or three wrong turnings and being redirected by laughing, muffled figures and po-litely indifferent servants, he final-ly found his way there and began

To Be Continued To-morrow.

to look about among the many weapons for the one he sought.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Go To Her Parents.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to a girl nineteen years of age and have
known her for four years. We
have been going out together until recently, when for some reason
or other her parents have forbidden her to go out with me
alone. There hasn't been any av-There hasn't been any explanation on her parents, part except what I hear from her, as she is the only daughter. I think the disappearance of so many young girls has taken a deep effect upon them. I am dearly in love with the girl and I know my love is reciprocated. It would simply be useless for us to sep-arate. I am in a good position and am well able to support a wife, therefore I would like your

IF you have a perfectly clear conscience, as your letter leads me to suppose you have, the explanation may be what you suggest. In any event, the thing for you to do is to go to the girl's parents and ask them if they really mean to separate you from the daughter you love and want to marry. By the way, have you ever gone to her parents and told them of your intentions and hopes in regard to their daughter?

Behind an ostrich feather fan, With dangerous eyes and marcelled hair And dimpled shoulders white and bare: With silken hose and fluffy skirt And knowing well the way to firt-

You are a true American. Leaves as Chemists T HE leaves which are now fall-ing off and carpeting the lawns

> chemists. After a sunny Summer day, if you will take a leaf and dip it in a solution of lodine, the green alters. as if by magic, into an indige tinge. The reason is that the leaf was filled with starch, and the lodine has revealed its presence by a slight chemical change.
> Leaves make starch for their plants out of the sir we breathe, and out of the rain, and out of a faw

contains a substance known to the

But while the leaf contains starches, proteins and sugar scar-

and by-ways are veritable

contains a substance known to the chemist as chlorophyll green. Chlo-rophyll gives to the leaf its emer-ald tint, and on the presence of this tint in the Summer fields the life of man depends.

Chlorophyll green is the only sub-

stance which can break up rocks and stones and convert particles of them into starches and sugars. them into starches and sugars.

This is where Autumn begins its extraordinary work. If the chlorophyli contained in the plants were to perish with the "fall of the leaf," there would be an end to the vegetable kingdom, and "man the biped" would also disappear.

Long before the leaf fails the blockershill is visited.

chlorophyll is yielded up to the par ent stem, also the starch and the proteids and the denuded foliage

Life's Give and Take

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

Working with a Will Makes Any Task Interesting-Even to the Washing of Dishes.



A what we put into it. The person who expects to make a success on the least possible expenditure o fenergy has failed before he began.

When something that has to be done grows monot enous and tiresome, and the time spent in accomplishing it seems unentang, try throwing yourself into it with a will, and watch your interest revive. "All very well," you say, "but how is one to do this?" The way to begin-and there is everything in beginning-is by doing the thing you dislike just as well as you can possibly do it. This of itself will arouse a certain amount of interest. Encourage this, and you will find yourself a long way upon the path toward being amused.

When you allow yourself to become bored and irritated by your work, all your faculties are depressed stead of helping you out with the things you are

Washing dishes—those same disher—three times a day is about as difficult an operation—the which to find amusement as there is, I suppose—tit is the woman who washes and rinses here in separate waters, and turns them upside down on a clean towel to drain, and who does anything else she can think of to make the work efficient, that gets through her I have heard of a bath-hose with a spray nozzle be-

ing attached to the hot-water spigot for washing neing required because of the volume of the hot There is an easiest and best way of doing water. There is an easiest and best way or dona everything—if we could only find it.

After all, the really masterful person is the one who can turn his or her full attention upon each duty

in turn. Such people get a great deal out of life, because they put a great deal of themselves into it.

Life's Charge Account

66C HARGE it, please!" That is the great feminine slogan. It enables a woman to buy something she can't quite afford in the fond hope that when the bill comes she will have saved the amount that threatens to swamp

her.

I am not going to devote this article to a study of the credit system in the stores; what I am going to talk about is life's charge system.

Life keeps books for you and me coldly, mercilessiy and with complete efficiency. She doesn't quite let you pay as you go, which would be much the cheapest in the long run—witness the store which has no charges and can afford to undersell because it does its business on a cash basis. Life is too clever to run her accounts on a cash hasis—too clever or too cruel, it doesn't much matter which, since we have much matter which, since we have to deal with the fact, not a theory. You break one of life's rules to-day in the serene assurance that be-

day in the serene assurance that be-cause you are young and vigorous you can afford to make a little over-draft on your health and strength. You figure it out something like this: "It won't hurt me to go out in pumps and thin stockings to-night, and dance till early morning, and take a few drinks, and ext a fow indirectible means, and gray indigestible messes, and drag through my work to-morrow more dead than alive, and be up late to-morrow night. I'm young. I can afford to do that."

afford to do that."

But life figures it out something like this. "There's Paul Mason. He's spending more of his health and strength than he has a right to. He's eating ridiculous combinations of food and drinking too heavily. Well, I'll just charge that up against him every time he does it. There's no reason why I should send him the bill to-day. I'll just let the charges bill to-day. I'll just let the charges accumulate, and he can pay in a

Paul Mason runs his bill with life

for fifteen years. He swells out his fine chest and struts a bit. "The rules are for the weak, precautions for the sickly, and fear for the unfit," says Paul, vauntingly, "Why should I worry? I'm a good physical apecimen."

Paul, my friend, you ows life a lot that she will collect—and with accumulated interest!

Why do you suppose so many splendid, strong-looking men develop gout, or solerosis of the liver, or other diseases almost as unpleasant to spell and name as to endure? Too many men crumple up suddenly in middle life. Kind friends call it overwork, or brain fag; but Nature, smiling inexorably, says, "No, he's just paying up for what the indulgent world calls 'youthful follies' or good time." I was a patient creditor, but here I am and I'm going to be paid."

A few years ago a really notori-ous woman married a handsome young multi-millionaire. She had been co-respondent in a lurid di-vorce case by the time she was eighteen, a figure in an interna-tional scandal a year or two later, one of the most conspicuous favorites of Broadway before she was

vorites of Broadway before she was twenty-five—and then the mistress of millions and of an unassailable social position in spite of it all.

"See all she got away with" cried some young girls whose lot is hard, and a few bitter women.
"So you think she's going to get off without paying?" said I. "Well, we won't go into the fact that she may he perfectly miser. that she may be perfectly miser-able in her own soul, and bitterly able in her own soul, and bitterly conscious of the scorn all decent women feel for a creature who has taken her happiness so ruthlessly all along the line. Even in making this marriage, she stele her hus-

band from another woman! "She has always let other people pay for her pleasures—and you girls envy her. Will you envy her as much even te-day when I tel'

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

you that the man she has married is a hopeless drunkard? Will you envy her at all, a few years from

now, when Nature begins to send in her bill?

To-day Beauty, who broke all the laws of nature and man and God with seeming impunity, is meeting her bills. She hasn't much left to pay with. Her looks went, and the pay with. Her looks went, and the world began scorning her and sneering at her. Her health couldn't meet the overdrafts she had always made. Her weakened moral fibre didn't stand out against cheap temptations. Her husband divorced her-for cause To-day she is an outcast—old at thirty.

Nature isn't kind. She is more
inexorable even than man-made tustics; she sends in her hills with accrued interest and demands full

payment on them.
The next time you find yourself tempted to draw heavily on your own stock of health or decency of the control happiness, stop and figure a minute. Do you want to wait twenty years

Foolish over-indulgence in rich

Foolish ever-indulgence in rich feeds to-day-grippe and a month's sickness may descend upon you a week from now.

Pumps and thin silk stockings all winter-perhaps the bill won't be presented for six months or a year, then it may be in terms of the great white characteristics. white plague, tuberculosis.

white plague, tuberculosis. Have you ever been in a restaurant whese there were no prices marked against the foods. You were a lib. tile frightened to order, weren't you like to know what things are going to coat.

Well, nature has no price tag. You never know what you are some to be asked to nay. But whatever the charge against you is, you will be compelled to meet it—the management of to-day's youthful folly.

price of to-day's "youthful folly"